RUTLAND HERALD.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DESIGNED TO BE A GENERAL REPOSITORY OF POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL, DISCUSSIONAL MORAL, MISCELLANEOUS AND ENTERTAINING READINGS

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From the Albany Evening Journal.

"FAREWELL, OHIO AND HER BRAVE!"

BY E. C. SQUIER.

There is a beauty and pathos in the following incident more eloquent and touching than the power of language can depict. The lamented HARRISON, who whilst living received the most unqualified evidences of a nation's love and veneration, and whose memory is embalmed in its recollections, enjoyed also the esteem of the warriors he overcame in battle. During the passage of the remnant of the formidable tribe of Indians, the Wyandots, from Lower Sandusky, Ohio, to the Kansas river, as they approached North Bend, on the Ohio river, where repose the remains of Gen. HARRISON, the principal chief requested Capt. Claghorn to have the 'big gun' loaded, and as the boat neared that hallowed spot, the chiefs and braves silently gathered upon the hurricane roof, and formed in line fronting the resting place of the departed chief. The engine was stopped, and the boat was suffered to drift with the current. As they passed the tomb they all uncovered, and gently waved their hats in silence;—and after the boat had passed, and the report of the cannon had died away, the chief stepped forward, and in an impressive manner exclaimed, 'Farewell, Ohio and her Brave.'—N. O. Tropic.

I.

We had met them in the conflict,
In the Western forest shade,
By the banks of lake and river,
On the hill side, in the glade.

His the sword that gleamed the foremost,
When the battle shout rang loud,
When the white man's hope was shaken,
And his native courage bowed.

And his arm was ever ready,
When arose the savage yell,
And the glow from hut and cottage,
Told the settler's fate too well.

Woe betide thee, wily foeman,
Should the sound but reach his ear,
The roused panther is not fiercer
When the cougar lurketh near.

Woe betide thee, forest warrior,
If the 'White Plume'* 's on thy trail,
For thy dark brow'd maid shall wail thee,
On the evening's fitful gale.

Not the gold of Peru's mountains,
Nor ambition's blood-stained crown,
Not the fiendish thirst for slaughter,
Nor the dark world's false renown.

'Twas not these that nerved the forman,
'Twas not these that bade his sword
Leap like lightning from its scabbard,
When the wild war cry was heard.

For that arm, though first in battle,
Ne'er was raised in bloody strife,
Save to check the daring red man,
Save to rescue human life.

And the forest's untaught children
Honor'd e'en their foeman's fame,
Save in low and murmured whisper,
Never breathed his dreaded name.

And in many a thrilling story,
Told by savage sire to son,
Lives the White Plume's name and glory,
Nobly kept as nobly won.

II.

Adown the western river,
There passed a warrior band,
A last and feeble remnant,
Before the white man's hand.

And on they passed in silence,
The rapid waters o'er,
And gazed with eyes of sadness,
Upon the wooded shore.

They knew that they were leaving,
The fair land of their sires,
Beyond the western hill tops,
To light anew their fires.

And their thoughts, with bitter anguish,
Dwelt on the wrongs they bore,
And though their eyes were tearless,
Their hearts but felt the more.

But not a sound escaped them,
Their brows were calm as when
They gathered round their council fires,
A fearless band of men.

While yet the white man's arm was weak,
And they were proud and strong,
Ere yet their strength had passed away,
Before the might of wrong.

In vain they stood the battle shock,
In vain had been their might,
The Past to them a darkness wore,
The Future had no light.

And they were leaving now the shore,
Where bravest deeds were done,
And passing to a stranger land,
Towards the setting sun.

III.

Gently flowed the peaceful river,
Not a wave broke o'er its rest,
And the hills were silver mirror'd
In its calm and placid rest.

Not a sound disturbed the silence,
And the evening sun shone bright,
As a stately barge was moving,
In the soft unclouded light.

Hushed the voice that woke the echo,
And the engine's force was still,
As that stately barge curved slowly
Round a green and sacred hill.

On its deck a throng was gathered,
Eagle plumed and haughty men,
And they stood and gazed in silence,
All the Past forgotten then.

But one there stands, upon whose brow,
Deep the trace of time appears,
And his thoughts are wandering back,
In the buried lapse of years.

He had fought in many a battle,
Bravest chieftain of them all,
He had seen his warriors perish,
One by one his strongest fall.

And now the gray old chieftain stood,
Last one of a noble race,
And as he gazed the tear drop stole,
Down his bronzed and time-worn face.

He gazed upon a warrior's tomb,
Where slept the honored dead,
He waved aloft his iron hand,
'Bring forth the gun' he said—

Silent, with their brows uncovered,
Gathered round his warriors there,
And the cannon pealed its thunder,
On the still and evening air.

Slowly waved the warrior's plume,
As he passed the sacred grave,
And from his stern lips broke—'Farewell,
Ohio and her Brave!'

IV.

Again the stately vessel moved
Upon its yielding way,
And from its curved and graceful bow,
Fell off the sparkling spray.

And when the golden sun went down,
And shades of evening fell,
The gazer's eye upon the deck,
The chieftain's form could tell.

There he stood till the cold night stars
Their twinkling radiance gave,
And his parting words were heard, 'Farewell,
Ohio and her Brave!'

Albany, Sept. 1843.

* Gen. Harrison was known among the Western Indians as the 'Warrior of the White Plume.'

THE SHOEMAKER AND HIS TWO WIVES.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Every body was pitying Mr. Sampson, the shoemaker of the village of B. Now, gentle reader, you need not guess Brunswick, nor Bethel, nor Bloomfield, nor any other village beginning with B, for I will assure you beforehand you won't guess right; no body knows the identical place beginning with a B, except the writer. Well, every body was pitying the shoemaker, and as he passed daily by my window on his way to his workshop, I involuntarily drew down my face in token of commiseration, though why I should do it I could not for my life have explained. But every body said he was an unhappy man; a miserable man; that his wife almost scolded his life out of him; that she was the biggest scold in the country, beat Xantippe of classical memory all hollow; that in her fits of passion she whisked the poor shoemaker about very much like a West India bamboo in a tropical hurricane.—Never was such a scold; her tongue might be heard the first thing in the morning and the last at night. She was so constantly scolding she would never take time to die, so the poor shoemaker's misery seemed interminable. All the men were telling how they would manage her if they had her for a wife; and when a half dozen of them collected at a farmer's house, the shoemaker's wife was often the theme, and many were the modes of punishment devised by those who had not the shrew to deal with. It might generally be observed on such occasions, that those who were suspected of being henpecked, now fortified by the numbers present, generally talked most valiantly how they would manage the shoemaker's wife if she belonged to them, now and then casting furtive glances at their bustling good wives present. But it was plain to be seen the women did not relish this theme when discussed by the men. They would talk pathetically of the shoemaker's grievances among themselves, talk eloquently of the misery a man must suffer in being tied to such a termagant; but no sooner did the unlucky husband attempt to harp upon the same string, than, touch a hornet's nest, all the women were out with palliatives, and warm in the defence of the shoemaker's wife. 'Every woman had her peculiar trials. Mrs. Sampson, no doubt, had hers as well as others.—She had no flesh on her bones, and was as yellow as saffron, it was plain she was a sick woman. Mr. Sampson appeared pleasant enough out of doors, but for all that he might be a tyrant at home.'

Thus was poor Mrs. Sampson defended in spite of her tongue. But, whatever they felt called upon to say in behalf of Mrs. Sampson in presence of their husbands, their sympathies were actually altogether on the side of Mr. Sampson. Every good wife wreathed her face into the most becoming smile when she accosted Mr. Sampson, merely out of instinctive good nature; far be it from me to insinuate that it was to contrast with the thin lips and sour visage of his own good wife. Seeing the state of things, I began naturally to study the countenance of the poor man as he passed by my window, in order to read the lines of care, the furrows of misery, and cringing air of a henpecked man. But, truth to say, no such things were to be seen. He generally passed with a careless sturdy tread, humming a tune or picking his teeth. As for wrinkles, his hale, good-natured, handsome face, looked as if it might bid defiance to them for many a year to come. His bright open eye looked as if it had never twinkled with any thing but good humor; and, instead of being the most miserable, I at once set him down for the happiest man in the village of B. No one bought oftener gingerbread and candy for his children, or new gowns for his wife. When, arm in arm, they trudged along to meeting on a Sunday, no man seemed more busily to chat with his wife, and no woman looked prouder of her husband. The secret seemed to be in his having good-naturedly accommodated himself to the disposition of his wife, without compromising his own independence. After all, it depends less upon external circumstances than our own disposition, whether we are happy or miserable in this life.

In process of time the shoemaker's wife died, leaving her husband to follow her to the grave with as many children as followed Mr. Rogers to the stake, and whether that was nine or ten we leave the reader to determine. Contrary to the expectations of every one, Mr. Sampson mourned long and truly for his wife. She had been a thrifty housewife, and a neat, careful mother, and so used were husband and children to severe discipline, that it was doubtful whether they would know how to act without it.

But sorrow, like all other things in this sublunary world, must have an end. The children were growing disorderly, and were losing that tidy appearance that had always characterised them.—Nothing in the shoemaker's snug domicil went right. The good housewifes in the village of B. were busy in making a second match for poor Mr. Sampson; and, like prudent women, they all pitched upon one of the very antipodes of poor Mrs. Sampson, who was dead and gone. Susan Gowen was mild, good natured, and 'smart,' and all eyes were turned upon her as the future Mrs. Sampson. She was just the right age, had a little property, and all declared that he could never do better; and Mr. Sampson, like a reasonable man, believed what every body said, and married her.

This time, at least, the neighbors had no reason to complain. The second Mrs. Sampson was a mirror of patience, the neighbors who *happened* in about meal time could find no fault with the bread and butter, the last article being thick enough to satisfy the most captious; and as for pie or cake, all declared her's were no 'mother-in-law' pieces. The shoemaker must and would be happy. Months passed away, and, if the predictions of the neighbors were to be verified, Mr. Samsom's appearance was somewhat equivocal for a happy man. It was certain that he grew thin, did not whistle, or laugh, or hum half so often as he used to do. His step was listless, and he seemed to have lost much of that sturdy activity which had formerly distinguished him.

The neighbors were completely at a stand. Mrs Sampson was strictly scrutinized, but nothing could be detected. She was patience personified. Meanwhile the children, accustomed to the severest discipline of their mother, no sooner found themselves subjected to the milder sway of a stepmother, whose *right* to control them was, to say the least, doubtful, since public opinion has made it such, now burst free from all restraint, and revelled in the glorious privilege of doing whatever they had a mind to do.

Poor Mrs. Sampson talked, and coaxed, and wept; and in one or two instances even had the temerity to put a 'motherless child' down cellar; all to no purpose. They were as unmanageable as a parcel of wild colts broken free from the pasture, and antic with the first consciousness of freedom. Mr. Sampson could not manage them, that was out of the question; he had never thought of doing it while their mother was alive, and how could he now that she was dead and gone! Among the trials awarded to the Patriarch Job, it is well perhaps that his sex precluded the possibility of his passing the ordeal of a mother-in-law's lot. So thought the second Mrs. Sampson. She had tried every thing, and now her patience was completely exhausted. One day, just as her husband was coming in to dinner, driven to desperation by the accumulated din of so many ungovernable children, she suddenly armed herself with a handful of hemlock tops, and laid them about her on every side, at the same time ordering every child to a seat about the quickest. At this moment her husband entered, and, far from flinching, she resolutely told him what she had done, and what she meant to do in future, ere she would endure such an intolerable din. Mr. Sampson was at once in fine spirits. His wife had never looked half so handsome before. The children were as whist as mice in a cheese. Mrs. Sampson absolutely kept her word, and, though the neighbors pitied the children and talked mournfully of the sorrows of poor Mr. Sampson, from that time he began to gain in flesh and spirits, and became the sturdy good natured sort of a man I had formerly known him. The recurrence of the old stimulus in the activity of a wife's tongue had restored the buoyancy to his spirits and health to his bones.

Such being the fact, I thought it best to write his history, in the hope that persons witnessing a similar case would suspend their sympathies and reflect that, after all, the husband of a scolding wife may be as happy as that of a good natured one, and the spirited tones of her voice in scolding may be quite as agreeable to such a husband's ear as the most dulcet notes of the other in trilling a fashionable air.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

THE WAY TO MAKE A TEETOTALLER.

Evaporation, its Power—Or, the Ingenuity of Tippling Rats.

Mr. C., commission merchant of this city, is known as an extensive holder of Western produce, and his stock is not more noted for its variety than for the superiority of the several articles which he keeps on hand. His percentage on the sale of Monongahela whiskey through the year would, by a man of moderate notions, be reckoned a liberal income. Customers came so quick to purchase, that, to save the trouble of too frequent a recurrence to the barrel, he has been in the habit of keeping a sample-bottle in the store, always full, or partially so, for their trial and inspection. He had found, for a long time, that the contents of the sample-bottle decreased very rapidly, daily, and in manner, at first, very mysteriously. He soon learned, however, that 'Sampson,' the negro who staid in the store, was anything but a Washingtonian; and that he tried the strength of the Monongahela oftener than the whole of his customers. Desirous to know if his conscientiousness were as large as his alimentiveness, he said to him on Monday sennight: 'Sampson, how is it that the whiskey in the sample-bottle diminishes so fast? Why, it has to be filled daily?'

'Clare Go', massa, I doesn't know,' said Sampson, looking as serious as a converted sinner at a camp-meeting; 'but I tinks, massa, it is carried off by de principles ob wat white folks calls 'waporation.'

'O, you do, Sampson!' said Mr. C.

'I does, sartain, massa,' said Sampson, ''cause I tells you dat ere 'waporation is right strong; gosh, it aint left a drop o' hard cider in de country. I tink its dat wot makes de whiskey so scarce, and not de temp'rance movement, as dey calls it.'

'Well, then, Sampson,' said Mr. C., 'fill the bottle now, and I will cork it so tight as to prevent evaporation.'

'Es, sa,' said Sampson.

He filled the bottle; his master corked it, evaporation tight; and again it was placed on the shelf. Again, on Tuesday morning it was found to have decreased considerably in quantity, and still more towards noon.

'Well, Sampson,' said Mr. C., 'I find the whiskey is still rapidly decreasing. How do you account for it now?'

'Wa-well, it be berry hard to 'splain, massa,' said Sampson, 'it be one ob dose sterious disappearances wot niggers can't 'count for, and wat sometimes puzzles white folks, I tell you.'

'But what is your opinion?' said Mr. C.

'Wal-al, I tinks,' said Sampson, 'to tell goramighty truf, dat de rats be drinkin' it, for dey hasn't joined de temp'rance 'siety as I knows on.'

'Yes,' said Mr. C., 'but when it would get down as low as the centre of the bottle, how would the rats manage to get at it then?'

'Yah, yah, yah,' said Sampson; but, suppressing suddenly his cachinations, he added, 'Look heah, massa, I was jist a goin' to say as how you was green. Now, does you tink as how dem 'ere rats wot you sees 'bout de store, and wot's so much in the carbaret at de corner—does you tink, I axes, dat, seein' so many takin' juleps on de suction princerple, dat dey doesn't know de use ob a *straw*?—Wal, I reckons dey does, massa.'

'Well, then, Sampson,' said Mr. C., 'if the sample-bottle can neither be preserved from the rats nor evaporation, I must only submit to the loss, and fill it whenever it is empty. Fill it now, and leave it again on the shelf, and I care not whether you cork it not.

Mr. C. told an acquaintance of his, an apothecary, of Sampson's partiality for the sample-bottle, and asked him if he could not give him some decoction to mix with it, which, while it would not visibly alter its color or taste, would prove less agreeable to Simpson's system than the pure Monongahela.—The apothecary told him he could; and, on the Tuesday before last, he furnished the required preparation. Sampson was sent out on an errand in the early part of the day, and, in his absence, the obnoxious ingredients were introduced into the whiskey. To give Sampson a better scope, when he returned, his master went out, and staid away long enough to give the sample-tasting Sampson full play at the bottle. When he returned, he noticed a strange and peculiar rolling of Sampson's eyes; his lips were the color of stale venison; and he had all the singular characteristics in his appearance of a 'sick nigger.' Mr. C. managed to keep him pretty busy, and, although appearing not to notice him, closely watched his movements.

'Wo!' he'd shout, raising his leg up against his stomach, but still endeavoring to conceal his pain from his master, and again he would exclaim, 'Ah! e-eeh! wo-o! goramighty!' and he would brace his belly round with his hands and arms. At length, finding himself growing worse—that there was no chance of the pain abating, he threw himself on the floor, and roared out, 'O, massa, massa, dis child's a gone nigger—oh, a-ah, o-o-oh!'

'Why, what's the matter Sampson?' said Mr. C., appearing to be suddenly astonished at the state of Sampson's bowels.

'Oh! massa, massa,' said Sampson, 'oh! ee, ah, o-o-oh, massa, I'se a gone chicken; ah! ee!' and he wriggled about on the floor like a pea on the griddle, his eyes revolving like the beacon of a light-house, and his color changing like a dying dolphin.

'Why, what's the matter with you?' said his master.

'O, I doesn't know, massa,' said Sampson, 'but I guess I'se got de Tyler grippe, and de influenzar, and de black vomit, and all de oder 'plaints in general, and 'tick'lar on the high pressure, roarin' riber princerple—oh! ah!'

The master offered Sampson a drink out of the sample-bottle to cure him, but he turned from it as if it were poison of the deadliest quality.

'Oh, I see how it is,' said Mr. C., 'he has been drinking the whiskey that I had impregnated with poison to kill the rats.'

Sampson, in lugubrious tones, confessed that he had. A dose of castor oil was administered to him, and in a short time he was 'as good as new.'

Since then, neither the rats nor evaporation interfere with the sample bottle, and Sampson is as strict a teetotaller as if he had taken the pledge from Father Matthew.

LADIES' RIDING.

"A woman never knows the meaning of exercise, till she rides on horseback."—*Dr. James Johnson.*

As the time approaches when the ladies, (Heaven bless them!) will be returning with rosy cheeks and happy smiles from the watering and other places of summer sojourn, and when, (Heaven bless them again! say I,) when they will continue the bright and joyous influence that they have derived from their devotion to Dame Nature, by riding on horseback, let them not deem it presumption on the part of one of their devoted cavaliers, if he begs leave to make one or two suggestions with regard to the art equestrian, in all humility—avowing it to be his belief that their safety and comfort will be materially aided by attending thereto.

In the first place—The size of the horse should be suited to the size of the lady, but in no cases should a pony or very small horse be used; because the drapery of the habit, always sufficiently flowing to diminish the apparent size of the animal, causes a small horse to look too diminutive—vide, for instance, the old pictures of Joseph leading Mary into Egypt mounted on an ass.

Second—Being sure to insist upon your bridle's being clean and neat, (for the bridle is to the horse what the head gear is to man and woman kind,) let your seat in the saddle be firm and *erect*—your eyes looking straight forward between the horse's ears, which, it is to be hoped, will be pricked forward.

Third—*Do* take a firm hold of both of your reins, both curb and snaffle, (if your horse's mouth is very tender, knot your curb rein so that you can catch it at any instant if you wish to check him suddenly,) and let him know that his mouth is under your control. When you have opportunity on the clear road—check, urge, turn him this way and that in such a manner that you may have confidence in your ability to manage him. Do not think that because you do not tumble off at a canter, that you can necessary ride; and that as a matter of course, when your horse sides to one side of the road or the other, that it is a vagary over which you have no control, and in which he is to be indulged. Make sure that his mouth is under your control, under such circumstances, and then give him a good sharp cut with the whip, it will effectually cure him of such nonsense. You will have no safety nor pleasure in riding till you have perfect confidence in your ability to manage him.

Fourth—Do *insist* that your cavalier in all cases take your *right*. So far as you consider his presence any protection, it is your only safety. In that position the gentleman can always seize your rein near the bit, if your horse is restive or unruly; and if there is any cause that may induce him to think that the animal may be frightened, he can pass his hand down your rein in a moment, if it is necessary that he should be led. Besides, it allows a much greater sphere for a tete-a-tete. On the other side, on your left, the gentleman can afford you no assistance. His horse necessarily is constantly passing against your stirrup-foot, and his voice must be elevated in every thing he has to say to you; which, even in conversation devoid of sentiment, is not particularly desirable. Besides, his spurs, [which no gentleman should ride without,] are not unlikely to get entangled in your habit.

Fifth—Make up your mind that you do not know what exhilaration of spirits, what independence of feeling, what joyousness of freedom is, until you ride on horseback. Make up your mind that under any circumstances, except to guard you from insult, a gentleman is very little protection, and that your dependence must be mainly upon yourself.

Sixth—That a woman never looks so beautiful as, when handsomely seated and gracefully dressed, with heightened color, on the back of a spirited horse; and that with a little practice and attention to the rules of horsemanship, she can always make herself mistress of the art. And

Last. [He enters upon the confines of so delicate a subject with fear and trembling,] that the only dress for the head, combining elegance and gentility, is a broad brimmed, low [not bell] crowned, dark beaver. SNAFFLE.

P. S. Some *few* faces *do* look well in caps, but *they* would look well anywhere; they would be divine beneath a black beaver, with its long black veil flowing behind on the breeze.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.—Two young men "with a humming in their heads," retire late at night to their room in a crowded inn; in which, as they enter, are revealed two beds; but the wind extinguishing the light, they both (instead of taking, as they supposed a bed apiece) get back-to-back into *one*, which begins to sink under them, and come around at intervals, in a manner very circumambient, but quite impossible of explication. Presently one observes to the other:

"I say, Tom, somebody's in my bed."

"Is there?" says the other; "so there is in mine. Let's kick 'em out!"

The next remark was:

"Tom I've kicked my man overboard!"

"Good!" says his fellow-toper; "better luck than I; my man has kicked me out—right on the floor!"

Their "relative positions" were not apparent until the next morning.

A capital story is told of Judge Tappan one of Senators in Congress, who is unfortunately cross-eyed. A number years ago he was Judge of a newly organized county court, in the eastern part of this State.

In those days of primitive simplicity, or perhaps poverty, the bar-room of a tavern was used as a court-room, and the *stable* as a jail. One day during the session of the court, the Judge had occasion to severely reprimand two of the lawyers, who were wrangling. An old looking old customer, who sat in one corner listening apparently with satisfaction to the proof and presuming on old acquaintance and the Judge's well known good humor, sung out, "Give it to 'em, old gimblet eyes!" "Who was that?" inquired the Judge. "It was this 'ere old hoss" answered the chap, raising himself up. "Sheriff," observed the Judge, with great gravity, "take that old hoss and put him in the stable!"—*Clev. Herald.*

MANUFATURES IN CANADA.—The Montreal Herald states that two enterprising gentlemen from the United States are erecting buildings for an extensive manufactory in the Chambly District. They cannot well avoid making the business highly lucrative. It is found that in the coarser kinds of Cotton goods manufactures from the United States already crowd out the British from the Canadian market. The duty in favor of the British article is only 7 per cent., and this does not meet the expenses attending two freights, the first of Cotton to England and the second of goods back again. Even at the high price of labor (from $2 to $3 per week) in the United States, the Cotton Manufacture for the Canadian Market is found to be profitable. How greatly this will be increased when the labor is done in Canada may be conjectured from the fact stated by the Herald that in that province thousands work for as little as *two dollars per month*, and are well satisfied to get that!

Habits of John Quincy Adams. Judge Bacon in speaking of Mr. Adams' habits, says that he is not particular in restricting himself to any one exclusive sort of food, regarding more the quantity taken than the particular kind. He usually takes one or two glasses of the lighter wines with his dinner, and in the intervals of his meals is troubled with little thirst, and having, as we noticed, uniformly declined taking any water during his longest and most exciting addresses, when it was offered him. His system requires and admits of but five or six hours of sleep, although he would be glad to take an hour more. His teeth appear not to be deficient, and his appetite good and sufficient; his hearing and eye-sight are both good, and he has never had occasion to use spectacles.

'Jump your length, Judas,' is said to be the exhortation which the Hoosiers proffer to John Tyler whenever a Whig postmaster is removed.

Postmaster General Wickliffe it is said, has already put an end to upwards of eighty thousand miles of Sabath mail transportation.